

The New Season

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Summary: It's old, it's corny, it's a fic based on the summary of SatAM's would-have-been-3rd season.

The New Season

All right! Has anyone read the outline for the would-have-been third

>season of the SATam Sonic show? Well, I did. And I decided to do
a
short little story about part of it! If you want, you can read
the

>outline, as told to Alessandro Sanasi by Ben Hurst (one of the
writers
for the SATam show). I got it off Dan Drazen's FAQ. It's
at the bottom

>(Cause it's got SPOILERS!).<p>

Ok, I guess the ideas in this story are (c) DIC.

>However, the story is (c) 98 by me, MistressAli
All "Sonic the
Hedgehog" characters and related indicia (c) and TM Sega.

This document may be freely distributed, as long as it's not altered
in

>any way. Ok, peoples, this story contains: some violence &
swearing...
just a warning...

Just a note: these ~~ indicate thought!

"The New Season"

They must've known he was low on SWATbots. It was true,

>without Robotnik breathing down his neck and the motivation of
his
fists, Snively admitted, he'd been lazy. He'd slept in late,
putting

>the low-intelligence SWATbots in charge. He knew if he'd used his
own
brain, his own intellect, the Freedom Fighters wouldn't be
here. They

>were coming in, destroying all the 'bots who stood in their way,
intent
on the command center. He knew from the glint in Sonic's

eyes that
>they were coming for him.
"You try it, hedgehog, and it's the last thing you'll do."
>Snively's eyes narrowed and his fingers touched the laser rifle leaning
against the console. If the hedgehog made it this far, the only way he
>would get over the threshold of the command room door was to topple
over it, a neat laser hole in his head.
>He watched the surveillance monitors, counting the 'bots as the
little brats trashed them. 78...79...the 80th bot fell to a karate kick
>by Bunnie. He didn't have too many...350 at yesterday's count. And at
least a hundred of those were posted away from the command center, not
>even aware of the hedgehog's presence.<p>

A SpyEye floated too close to the action, and Sonic grabbed it,

>staring into the lens of the camera that sent its transmissions to the
command room's surveillance monitors. "Look here, Snobley, you

>misewell come out now, wavin' the ole white flag. Cause you're going
down." Then he turned, throwing the SpyEye at a SWATbot sneaking up
>behind him. The last thing Snively heard before the camera shorted out
was the squeal of metal as Sonic buzzsawed through the 'bot.

>A frustrated whimper broke from Snively's throat. ~~I can get
away, he thought, there's an emergency hover-unit nearby.~~ He knew if
>caught by the princess, he would be charged with, and indeed he had
committed, the crimes of murder, attempted murder, enslavement, child
>abuse, torture, treason... If the first five crimes didn't gain him the
death penalty, the last certainly would; the punishment for treason was
>always death. There would be no mercy for him.
Then he leapt from the chair and ran down the hallway, ran
>until he reached a huge door. After a thumb-print and retina scan, the
door slid open. Robotnik had wanted no chances of anyone unwanted
>getting in or out of this door; the two scans were required to open the
door from both sides.
>The room he entered wasn't really big. One wall was mostly a
window, looking down into a chamber below. On one end of the chamber
>was a huge, closed door.
The entrance to the Void. Behind those doors was the swirling
>purple and yellow whirlpool, like a black hole, but not black; the
wormhole that led to the Void. Snively stared down at the doors,
>thinking. He hadn't come to this place for a safe haven; he knew the
Freedom Fighters could get through the door if they really wanted to.
>No, rather, he came to this place to bring back the one who'd ruled
Robotropolis before.
>The thought made him growl in anger, and he slammed his fist
down on the control console for the Void. Way back, Robotnik had
>betrayed Naugus, and deleted the retrieval programs that would

pull
Nagus back out of the Void. But the programs had never really been
>deleted. Just buried under a load of other files and
programs.<p>

(Ok: flashback time)

A few weeks after the disaster of Doomsday, Snively had
>discovered that Robotnik wasn't really dead. He had been
reading,
loving his new freedom, when the monitor in his new room
(Robotnik's
>old room, heh heh) began to blink insistently.
Caught up in the
book, one of his 'action-romances', Snively
>hadn't noticed the blinking at first. But his eyes missed little,
and
he looked over at the screen.
>"Snively," it read.
He stood up, and walked over to the computer.
Hesitantly, he
>typed in, "Yes?"
"It's me."
>"Who?"
"Robotnik."
>Snively gasped aloud, his eyes blinking a few times in
disbelief.
"No. He's dead."
>"No. I am alive."
"But how?" Snively sat down in the chair, eyes
riveted to the screen.
>"It's Nagus' doing. When the energy from the Deep Power
Stones
was released by that blasted hedgehog, the Void...popped...
for lack of
>a better word, open."
"Yes?"
>"My hovercraft went crazy. Nagus managed to pull me in. But
he
didn't have time to get out."
>"Nagus turns to crystal outside the Void." Snively frowned
as
his fingers typed in the words.
>"Yes...but Nagus has discovered a cure. Next time that
Void
opens he will be able to get out. And he intends to be
leader."
>"In his dreams."
"Snively, the retrieval programs were never
deleted. I had a
>back-up copy. You must use them, and get me out of here. Then we
can
devise a way to keep that Void shut once and for all."

>Snively tapped his fingers on the desktop for a moment, his
frown
deepening. Then his fingers were at the keys again. "I seem to

>recall...Julian, that you left me to die in the Doomsday
building,
while you took off in that hovercraft. The place was
falling apart
>right on top of us, and you had to get selfish, didn't
you?"
"Snively..."
>"Shut up. You expect me to help you? After all the shit
you've
put me through?"
>"Snively, how dare you..."
"Oh, screw off."
>"Sniv..."
"I'm going."
>"NO!"
An evil smile crossed Snively's face; he could feel the

>desperation in that little two-letter word. ~~Poor poor Uncle
Julian.
The fat ass has really got himself in a spot this time,
hasn't he?~~
>"And why not?" Snively replied.
It took a while for Robotnik to
reply. "Because Nagus keeps...
>changing me...into different things...and other
unpleasant...things..."
Snively shrieked with laughter as he

recalled Naugus's magic
>turning Robotnik into a crow, a pig, a slug...
"You'd better not
be laughing, Snively."
>Still snickering, Snively typed, "Why not? It's funny."
"How dare
you laugh at me?"
>"How dare you order me around? You are in no position to
give
orders, Julian."
>"That's sir to you, Snively!"
"Not anymore, Julian. In fact, I
believe you should call me
>'Lord Snively' from now on."
"How dare..."
>"I dare because I can! You are no longer in power, Julian! Get
it
through your fat-laced brain!"
>Through the whole conversation, Snively couldn't stop laughing,
a
cruel ringing laughter. ~~My my, isn't this just amusing? Lard-ass

>thinks he can order me? I'm sorry, Julian, but it's my turn
now...my
turn to humiliate, to wreck you, to make you suffer.~~

>"So, how are you contacting me, anyway?"
"Well, Sniv..."

>"Hey!"
"What?"

"What?"

"(Sigh) Well...Lord...Snively, Naugus' magic can create
>anything in the Void. He created several computers for himself.
He's
off somewhere now, and I'm using one of them."
>"Oooh, what if you get caught?"<p>

Snively figured Naugus would punish Robotnik in some horrible
>way. It made him smirk; finally Robotnik was getting what he
deserved.
Snively couldn't even count the number of times he'd
been slapped
>around by his uncle...and many times he had ended up bleeding,
bruised,
with broken bones...one time he'd been unconscious for an
entire week,
>and awakened, only to scream from the pain that still racked his
body. Now finally...finally, Robotnik was getting his, and although
Snively couldn't see it, imagining it gave him intense
pleasure.
The conversation carried on for about an hour, until
finally,
>Sniv cut it off. After turning off the monitor, he glanced at
the
clock. 2:00 am. He yawned, stretching leisurely, and slipped
under the
>covers.
A sweet satisfied smile graced his face as he fell
asleep.

But no smile touched Snively's face now, as he stared down at
>the Void doorways. The Freedom Fighters were coming for him, and
the
only way he could think to stop them was to bring Robotnik
back. The
>shock of seeing the fat tyrant would make the Freedom Fighters back
off.
But the thought of Robotnik back in command made Snively dig

>his nails into his palms hard enough to draw blood. With a deep
sigh,
he began to search for the hidden retrieval program.

>After sifting through many files on the computer, Sniv
finally
found the program. He sighed again, closed his eyes, and
pressed the

>button to activate the program. The doors in the chamber opened,
and
he peered down into the room. The swirling Void could be seen
now.
>The Void emitted a wind that sucked everything into it, much like
a
whirlpool. The retrieval programs reversed the wind, pulling
everything
>out.<p>

He waited. And waited. Then finally, a large red-clad figure
>was deposited on the floor of the chamber. Robotnik stood up.
Snively
noted that his outfit, that terrible gaudy outfit that
made his eyes
>hurt, was torn and ripped, stained with dirt and sweat.
~~I bet
he smells just peachy.~~
>"Snively!" yelled Robotnik, his voice strangely desperate.
"Close
the doors!"
>Snively snickered a little at Robotnik's groveling, but moved
to
close the doors. But before he could press the button, he heard

>Robotnik shriek. It was a shriek of fear, and it raised the fine
hairs
on the back of Sniv's neck. He'd never heard that sound from
his uncle
>before, and although it was creepy, it also sent shivers of
delight
down his spine. He pivoted around to look down through the
window.
>Another figure was rising to its feet. A strange creature it
was,
with a single horn, a long white beard and a crab claw. Sniv's

>eyes widened. Naugus! Then he noticed another figure, laying limp.
It
slowly sat up.
>A regal face was bestowed on the third man that had emerged
from
the Void. His tail, long and luxurious, curled around his feet. He

>had a neat mustache, that complimented his face, unlike
Robotnik's
goofy one.
>Neither Robotnik nor Naugus had really frightened Snively,
but
this face sent a rush of fear through him, making his teeth
chatter.
>~~God...by God...it's the king...the king...~~ The king who
would
punish his traitorous warlord, and his traitorous warlord's
nephew most
>severely.
Then Snively shook his head. ~~King Acorn is no longer
the
>king. I'll just have him killed, none of this Void nonsense. And
as
for Robotnik, once he frightens off those Freedom Fighters with
his
>sudden appearance, I'll get rid of him too. And Naugus along with
him.~~
Robotnik tried to run for the door that led out of the
chamber.
>But he was suddenly frozen in place as energy leaped off Naugus'
hand.
"Seems my cure worked-we are no longer crystal," Naugus said
to
>King Acorn.
The King nodded.
>Naugus looked up. "Ah, it's Shrimpy."
"That's Snively."
>Nagus wheezed in amusement. "That's right. Snively.
Adeptly
named, that one."
>Snively scowled, then froze as King Acorn's eyes looked up
and
locked sternly with his. "Yes. The other traitor."
>Snively glared down at the king and felt a sense of triumph
as
King Acorn looked away. Then he turned his gaze on Naugus.

"You're not
>planning on taking over, are you?" The little man's eyes narrowed
to
slits. "Because you won't succeed."
>Nagus wheezed again. "Is that so, boy?"
"Yes."
>The wizard laughed heartily. "We'll see about that, small
one."
Spiderweb-cracks appeared in the glass in front of Snively.
He
>stepped back nervously. Then the entire window crashed down,
pieces
bouncing off the console. Sniv jumped back, hands
automatically flying
>up to protect his face. Naugus, looking somewhat silly, levitated
off
the ground, hovering in front of the broken window. Then he
floated
>into the room, his feet coming to rest on the ground.
"Cocky
now?" he asked.
>Blue eyes widened, Snively grabbed for the pistol in his belt. But
as he drew it out, his hand was struck with pain, as if a knife had
stabbed him. He yelped. The pistol clattered to the ground.
Nagus
didn't usually use physical powers to intimidate, but he
>couldn't resist. His crab claw hand closed around the throat
of
Robotnik's little nephew, the serrated edges digging into that
delicate
>skin.
A soft gasp escaped Sniv's lips, but he tried to look
fearless.
>Narrowing his eyes, he glared at the wizard. Naugus simply smiled
back,
his shark-like teeth gruesome, and that claw tightening.
Snively
>struggled for air, feeling the steak-knife-like inside of Naugus'
claw
gouging his skin, and drops of blood rolling down his neck
onto his
>collar.
"So, are you going to challenge me?" asked Nagus. "Fight
it out
>for the leadership?"
Squirming in Naugus' grip, Snively tried to
pry the claw off
>his neck. ~~If only I could get away~~...he thought. But then
what?
But the claw tightened more, and the pain made Snively
realize
>just how deeply the saw-teeth of that claw were digging. If
Naugus
tightened any more, he was going to pierce the vital jugular
vein, and
>blood would spray everywhere, splattering Naugus, soaking his
clothes,
drenching the floor.
>Snively went limp in Naugus' grip, his eyes lowered in defeat. Nagus
sensed the submissive attitude, and released Snively. Snively's hand
flew to his throat, feeling for injuries. He had several deep cuts,
oozing blood. But nothing serious.
Wheezing, Naugus looked down at
Robotnik, who was still frozen
>in place. King Acorn was leaning against the wall, looking
weary.
"Now, both of you pathetic former leaders will serve me!"
The
>wizard threw his hands towards the ceiling, cackling maniacally.
His
shadow, distorted into a massive shape, quivered on the wall.
As it
>fell on Robotnik, the fat man trembled in
fear.<p>

"So...Naugus is in charge?" Princess Sally stared at the
>twisted spire of Robotropolis that loomed in the distance. They

had
been driven back from the city by powerful bursts of magic,
and now
>stood on the edge of the forest. A gray wasteland stretched from
the
edge of the trees to the city.
>"I guess so," said Sonic. "And here I thought we'd have it
easy
with just Snobley around."
>The princess's midnight blue eyes were distant.
"Sonic...what
if...what if my father got out of the Void too...?"

>"Hey, Sal, that'd be great!" said Sonic.
"Yeah. It sure would!"
 chimed in Tails.
>Sally smiled ruefully. "Yes, it would, but not if
the
crystallization side-effect still exists."
>"Aw, Sally-girl, we'll figure somethan' out. Don't ya be
worryin'
yar pretty little head about nothin'."
>"Thanks, Bunnie." Sally smiled warmly at her best friend, who
was
always there with an encouraging word or
smile.

"P...pl...please N...N...Naugus, please... I'm sorry. I'll get
>to work right away." The groveling tone, combined with Robotnik's
deep
gravely voice, was an amusing sound.
>Naugus sat in Robotnik's throne, watching as Robotnik
scurried
about in front of the giant computer's console, working
fervently.
>Snively was leaning against the wall, arms crossed over his
chest.
Naugus hadn't made him do anything yet. He had been rather
entertained
>by watching Robotnik slave for the past three days. Absentmindedly,
he
scratched at the white bandage wrapped around his throat,
smiling
>slightly as Robotnik turned to Naugus, trembling.
"Master...the
second SWATbot factory is back on-line."

"I can't stand it. He treats me like some...some peon, Snively.

>Like some slave that exists only to work for him. And he casts
those
confounded spells!" Robotnik's large meaty hands rubbed
his...muzzle.
>His face was transformed into a scruffy-looking dog.
Snively had
already laughed his head off about the
>transformation, and now sat calmly, his hands cupped around a mug
of
warm coffee. Nagus had allowed Robotnik to stop for a short

>coffeesnack break. The fat man paced the dining room, a doughnut

>clutched in one hand, his coffee steaming on the table.
"Oh
really? Now, why does that sound familiar...?"
>Robotnik glanced at Snively. "What?"
"Being treated like a
slave."
>Robotnik's red pupils narrowed.
"Oh yes," said Snively, pointing
an accusing finger at his
>uncle. "You treated me like shit, Julian, worse than shit. I
wasn't
even going to bring you out of the Void, you know." Now
that Naugus
>was in charge, and Robotnik was lowered even lower than he, Snively

was
he tried
>to strike Snively, the little man would simply dodge. Something
he'd
>never done before, considering he would have only got in more
trouble
>for avoiding Robotnik. But now Julian was just a worthless,
groveling
>lackey.
>"You have to help me get rid of him." "Oh, I do?"
>Robotnik finally lost his temper, lunging for Snively. His
tiny
>nephew was quick though, slipping out of his chair to elude
Robotnik's
>hands. "Come here!" bellowed Robotnik. His order had never failed

>before, and he expected Snively, shaking and muttering apologies,
to
>come crawling up to his feet. But Snively merely cast him a
haughty
>look and stood motionless. "You don't control me anymore,
Julian," hissed Snively.
>Robotnik's eyes narrowed further at the menacing, openly
>defiant
note in that statement. "I may not control you, Snively, but I
>can still hurt you!" He lunged again, moving surprisingly fast
for
>such an obese man.
>Snively was yanked back by Robotnik's hand closing on his
arm.
>His arrogance flew from him, and he yelped in fear. Robotnik
slammed
>him against the wall, raising a fist. A satisfied smile crossed
Robotnik's face as his fist slammed
>into his nephew's stomach, pushing all his air out in a
-whoosh-.
>"What are you doing, slave?"
>Robotnik whirled around in surprise, eyes widening as he
saw
>Naugus standing in the doorway. "N...n...nothing."
>"Release him." Robotnik let Snively drop to the floor.
>"Now get back to work!" Naugus raised his
claw-hand
>threateningly.
>Robotnik trembled, feeling dreadfully weak and cowardly.
He
>looked back at his nephew, who seemed to be recovering from the
blow to
>his stomach. He realized now why Snively was such a freakin'
little
>pansy. Because he was terrified. No wonder the little jerk
had
>constantly stuttered and stumbled over his words in
Robotnik's
>presence. Because fear had numbed his mind, making it
hard to think and
>convey what he really wished to say. Naugus' brow knit together,
annoyed by Robotnik's hesitation.
>The fat man saw, and quickly hurried out the door. Naugus watched
Robo scurry down to the command center. Then he
>turned to Snively. "You, pointy-nosed one, have opened the Void,
thus
>releasing me, and for that I am grateful. But not too
grateful, mind
>you... You try anything against me, little one, and I'll see that
you
>suffer."
>A faint light glowed around Naugus' claw and Snively felt
his
>ribcage tighten, squeezing against his lungs. He fought for
air. Then
>Naugus waved his hand, and the pressure disappeared. "You
understand?" Naugus' breathy voice sounded like an old

>asthma-ridden man, but Snively knew better than to laugh. "Yes."

>"You stay out of my way, and I shall not bother you."
Naugus'
eyes glowed red for a moment, then he turned and left.
Snively sighed,
>rubbing his sore stomach. Naugus was indeed intimidating, but
there
was a certain...stableness...to him that Robotnik lacked.
Naugus
>wouldn't just fly into a rage and attack.<p>

For the next few days, there was nothing amiss. Robotropolis

>slowly recovered from the Freedom Fighter attacks that had
followed
after the Doomsday explosion. Robotnik was rapidly
learning the art of
>groveling, and Snively was growing increasingly bored.
Snively
never thought he'd actually WANT to work, but now that
>there was nothing to do, he was going crazy. Naugus gave him no
tasks,
and he simply wandered around, or read his books. He had
more time to
>sit down, eat a snack, drink some coffee, but that only made it
worse;
the caffeine making him high-strung.
>Robotnik, however, regularly dented the walls of his new
tiny
room every night. The frustration of being a mere lackey,
when he was
>once supreme ruler, made him furious. At first, he rebelled
against
Naugus, cursing at him and refusing to work. The wizard
knew many
>spells...and most of them were worse than that shape-changing gag.
The
pain made Robotnik scream, made him beg, and whimper
apologies.
>After Naugus released his magic, Robotnik was quick to
do
whatever Naugus had told him.
>Whenever he passed Snively in the hallway, his nephew would
smile
sweetly, blue eyes sparkling, and casually raise his middle
>finger. If Robotnik tried to lunge at him, Snively would simply
duck
under his arms and run down the hallway, laughing
hysterically.
>~~I can't stand it! I MUST get rid of Naugus! Once and
for
all...I will kill that wretched
wizard!~~

King Acorn paced the cell, deep in the bowels of Robotropolis. "Ah,
my dear Sally...where are you?" His pale blue eyes watered slightly,
and the squirrel gently brushed the tears away. He peered out the
tiny cell window. No consonance came to him from that view; it was
just more metal buildings and smog-filled skies, all reminders of
what had happened to his beautiful city.
>"Ah, my darling Sally!" he cried again, the image of his
daughter
strong in his mind. If only he could hold her, if only he
>could hear her voice. He had seen his daughter briefly, about
six
months ago, when he and Naugus had escaped the Void with the
help of
>Sonic. Outside the Void, they had discovered the crystallization
side
effect, and he had to reenter the Void, leaving his daughter
behind.
>But for that brief time, he had seen how tall she'd grown,

and
how strongly her features had resembled her mother's. Her hair was no
>longer styled in a ponytail, but in a shorter cut that framed her
beautiful face. And her voice had lost the high pitch of childhood,
>gaining a strong, sure, womanly quality.
He sighed heavily, tears flooding his vision. He had missed
>years and years of his precious daughter's life...
A raspy voice broke King Acorn out of his reverie.
>"Ah, Maximillion. So glad to see you again. Isn't it splendid
to be free from the Void?"
>The squirrel crossed his arms over his chest. "Why are you
keeping me here, Naugus?"
>Naugus laughed wheezily. "Because, you will not be leader."
King Acorn's eyes narrowed. "Let me out, Naugus."
>"I think not," said the wizard. He turned to somebody standing
down the hallway. "Bring me a drink!"
>"Yes master."
King Acorn listened to the heavy footsteps that faded away down
>the hall. "Wasn't that Robotnik?"
"Yes," said Nagus. "But that's not important." A cruel smile
>sat upon the wizard's toothy mouth. "I have a plan for you...
Maximillion Acorn...involving you and your Sally."
>"If you hurt her..."
"Not to worry, I only wish to capture her."

>Robotnik came running down the hall, panting. He handed Naugus
a can of oil.
>"What is this?!"
"A drink, master," groveled Robotnik.
>Naugus popped open the can. Then he turned and emptied the
contents of the can over Robotnik's head. Sputtering, the fat tyrant
>backed away as energy glowed around Naugus' claw.
"You may drink this, slave, but I DO NOT!! Get me something
>REAL to drink!"
Robotnik nodded, and ran off. Maximillion stifled a laugh.

"Something real, something real...I'll show you something
>real!" Robotnik laughed, as he filled a cup with coffee. Some powdered
poison was carefully stirred into the coffee.

>"Conniving, are we?"
Robotnik looked over at the door, to see Snively leaning
>against the doorframe, smiling evilly.
"It would be just awful if Naugus found out about this,
>wouldn't it?"
"You tell him, Snively, and I'll..." threatened Robotnik.
>"You'll what?" demanded his nephew.
Robotnik let out a scream of pure rage. ~~That's it. This
>little bastard's dead, and then it's Naugus' turn!! How dare they defy
me!!!~~
>Snively just laughed. "Good luck, Julian...you'll need it."
He
turned and left.
>Robotnik frowned heavily, picked up the cup, and returned to
the cells.

~~Hmmm, guess I was wrong...~~

>Snively flinched as another bolt of magic hit Robotnik.
~~Guess he does lose his temper...~~

>Robotnik begged for mercy. Chest heaving, Naugus' eyes blazed
with anger. Magical energy enveloped his crab claw, and he sent

>another burst at Robotnik. The fat man howled in agony as magic sank
into him, frying his nerves--Naugus was very skilled with electrical

>magic.
Snively had been on his way to his bedroom, but had stopped to

>peer into the command center, hearing screaming. Naugus had drank the
poisoned coffee. However, it turned out that the poison, normally

>fatal to most creatures, only caused Naugus a mild stomachache. The
wizard had found out about the poison, and his temper had obviously

>fled him. He'd been torturing Robotnik for at least fifteen minutes
now.

>Eyes riveted, Snively was peeping around the open door into the
huge command room. The screams were unpleasant, and he wished to

>leave. But his feet ignored him, and his eyes would not be moved from
the scene. Robotnik was rolling around like an oversized beach ball

>caught in a strong wind. Naugus' hideous face was contorted with rage,
and his eyes fairly glowed from the power within him.

>Finally, Naugus lowered his claw. Robotnik was crying, actually
crying, on the floor.

>"Poor baby," muttered Snively, a faint smile touching his lips.
Naugus looked over at him. "Do you know what he did,

>pointy-nose?"
Snively's eyes widened innocently. "No."

>"He attempted to poison me...however, his pathetic toxins had
no result on me."

>"Hmmm."
"Did you know about his plan?"

>"Me?"
"Yes, you."

>"No...I didn't know."
Naugus's eyes narrowed. "You knew, didn't you, puny one? And

>you failed to tell me."
Snively shook his head. "I swear, I didn't know"

>Magic was glowing around the wizard's claw again. "Come here."
Those two words brought trembling to Snively's body...so many

>times had those words resulted in him being brutally beaten. But he
obeyed, walking shakily into the command center to stand before the

>wizard.
Naugus gripped Snively's chin with his normal hand and stared

>hard into his eyes. "You knew. I can see it in your eyes."
"But...but....it didn't hurt you..."

>"So...you admit you were on Robotnik's side?"
"No! That's not..."

>"Silence!" The magic glowed brighter. "I warned you about
mutiny, little one. I have no use for you. Robotnik I shall keep,

>scheming as he is, but you...there is no need to keep you alive."
Snively's eyes widened. "You can't..." Then Naugus' claw

>clamped around his neck, glowing with blue energy. An agonized howl
broke from Snively's throat as electricity flowed from the

claw to him,
>ripping through his body mercilessly. His fingers
flexed
uncontrollably, every muscle tensed up painfully, and he
screamed for
>Naugus to stop, oh God, please stop...<p>

Naugus released Robotnik's nephew after a few minutes. The tiny

>man slid to the ground, unconscious, face still frozen in an
expression
of pure anguish. "One more chance then, pointy-nose.
One more chance
>for you."
The wizard sank down in his throne. Robotnik hurried
about,
>working furiously.<p>

"Sally, you can't just rush in!"
>"Sonic, that's my father."
"But Sal, it's a trick! We need a
plan."
>Princess Sally turned to Sonic, crossing her arms over her
chest.
"Since when have you ever needed a plan?"
>"Since now."
Sally clutched a piece of paper in her hand. It was
soft and
>damp from her sweaty grip, but the words were still
legible:<p>

Dear friends,

Naugus is still in charge. I thought it was funny at first, but
>it seems Naugus is possible more crueler than Robotnik. Robotnik
tried
to poison him the other day, but Naugus found out. He
punished Robotnik
>real good. Naugus was going to kill Snively (because he knew about
the
poison, but didn't tell Naugus), but he just fried him with
electricity
>until he passed out. Believe me, it is not a pretty sight down
here.
But, that's not the important news. The important news is
that
>King Acorn was also brought out of the Void. Naugus plans to use
him
to bait a trap. I believe he wants to catch Sally, and
possibly Son' as
>well. If you come in to get him (he's in the cells), please, be
very
very careful...Naugus is a dirty one.
>---Love, Uncle Chuck<p>

"Chuck said Naugus 'plans to use him'. Which means, he hasn't
>come up with a plan yet. Sonic, if we can get him out NOW, then
we
don't have to risk traps."
>"Fine," said Sonic. By the gleam in Sally's eyes, there was
no
way of talking her out of this.
>They headed towards
Robotropolis.<p>

"Nagotropolis. Now that's original." Sonic twirled around,
>kicking down the sign at the edge of the city.
"Ah must say, Ah
like Mobotropolis the best."
>"We all do," sighed the princess. They moved into the

city,
slipping quietly through the alleyways.
>They made it to the cells with no problem. Seemed
Nagotropolis
was still low on SWATbots. At the sight of her
father, who was
>sleeping in his cell, Sally practically jumped with joy. But
they
moved down the hallway, where the panel to the cells was
located.
>On the panel was a hand-shaped touchpad, which preformed
a
hand-scan that was required to unlock the cell. The touchpad
only
>recognized the hand-prints of Robotnik and Snively.
A voice
recognition was also required. Sally took out NICOLE. "NICOLE, play
RBUNLOCK."
>"Playing Sally," responded the computer. There was a click
and
Robotnik's voice growled out of the speaker. "Unlock."

>"Voice recognized as Doctor Robotnik. Hand-scan
required."
"NICOLE, play RBYELL."
>"Playing Sally." There was another click and from
NICOLE's
speaker, Robotnik screamed, "Open up, you blasted thing,
or I will
>personally rip out your motherboard!!"
"Hand-scan unnecessary,"
droned the panel.
>The cell had no door really, just bars of electricity. The
panel
deactivated the electricity, leaving the cell open.
>King Acorn had awakened at the sound of Robotnik, and noticed
his
cell was open. Cautiously, he approached the hallway and looked

>both ways. A huge smile spread across his face as he saw his
daughter.
"Sally!"
>"Daddy!" squealed Sally, running down the hall. She
launched
herself at her father, who caught her and lifted her off
the ground in
>a fierce embrace.
He set her down, beaming. "My little Bean! God,
am I happy to
>see you." His expression turned serious. "But it's dangerous
here.
Naugus is planning a trap."
>"We know, daddy. Uncle Chuck told us."
"Sir Charles? I thought he
was roboticized."
>"He was. But he got his free will back. Now he works as a spy
for
us."
>"He's extraordinary. I'm sure that makes you happy, Sonic."
King
Acorn looked over at the hedgehog.
>"Yeah, your highness, it does."
"Hallo, yer Majesty," said
Bunnie, curtsying.
>"None of these formalities, child. Is Knothole still
intact?"
"Yeah."
>"Good, good." The king looked anxious. "Let us
go."<p>

Outside the command center, the group of four crept from shadow
>to shadow. Two SWATbots emerged from around a building and caught
sight
of them.

"Master, the hedgehog has been spotted!"
>Naugus looked at the surveillance monitors. "Ah, he of
the
incredible speed. Fantastic!"
>Robotnik smiled nervously.
"Well, slave?! Capture him!"

>"That is no easy task, master."
Naugus frowned in annoyance.
Feeling very lackey-ish, Robotnik
>quickly turned back to the control panel.<p>

"He's going all out today, isn't he?" asked Sonic, as they
>ducked into an alleyway to evade a group of SWATbots.
"Oh poopy!"
Another SWAT group came into the alley entrance in
>front of them. They whirled around, and sure enough, the robots
behind
them were blocking their rear exit.
>"We're trapped!" cried the king.
"Don't worry," said Sonic. "I'll
bowl right through 'em." He
>curled up for a spin-dash attack.
A glob of green slime came out
of one of the lead 'bot's gun.
>Drenched, Sonic found himself stuck to the ground. "Megamuck!"
he
yelped.
>"Damn," swore Sally, grabbing Sonic's arm. She struggled to
pull
him free. "Come on, help!"
>Bunnie and King Acorn grabbed ahold of Sonic also, but he
was
stuck fast.
>"Come on, guys!" yelled Sonic. The SWATs moved
closer.
"Unnnn...ugh...uh...come on..." growled Sally, the muscles
in
>her arms bulging.
"Surrender." The SWATs lifted their
guns.

"The SWATs have him trapped, master," said Robotnik gleefully.

>"Good! Do those metal men have uh...those guns that bring
sleep?"
Robotnik thought for a moment. "Stun guns?"
>"Yes. That's it."
"Yes, they do, master."
>"Tell them to use those. I want him alive!"
Robotnik contacted
the lead 'bot through the com link. "SWAT
>leader, switch to stun."
"Confirmed."

There was a high-pitch whine as the guns warmed up to stun.
>King Acorn hugged Sally to him as the guns took aim. Then the
lead
'bot stood still and droned. "Priority one-hedgehog,
Overridden. Revert
>to Priority Two-return to stations."
The robots nodded at each
other, and then left.
>"What the hoo hah?" asked Bunnie.
"Who cares?" shrugged Sonic.
"Grab on!"
>Sally leapt into his arms.
"Grab onto Sonic, yer Majesty," said
Bunnie. The King did so,
>and Bunnie clutched the king around the waist.
"You ready?" asked
Sonic.
>"Ready!"
"Hold on tight!" Sonic revved up, and then took
off.

Robotnik gasped.
>"That does not sound good," snarled Nagus. "What has
happened?"
His eyes sought out the surveillance monitors. "The
metal men are
>leaving-why?"
"They've received a signal," Robotnik said
nervously, watching
>Sonic and Co. disappear out of the city. "They're reverting
to
Priority 2-to guard their stations."
>"Did you give the signal?"
"No, master. Of course not."

>"Where has this signal come from?"
"It came...from some sort of remote control. Like the one
>Snively..." Robotnik's voice trailed off and his eyes narrowed.
~~I
knew I should've taken that remote away from him...he's using it to get
>me in trouble!~~ The small red remote could control most of the robots
in Robotropolis, and Snively usually carried it around in his pocket.
>He used it to zap disobeying 'bots and had once fried the circuits of
Robotnik's beloved pet chicken, Cluck (he had received a severe beating
>for that!).
"So," said Naugus, scratching his beard, "So, this is the doing
>of the pointy-nose?"
"Yes, yes it is," growled Robotnik, his fists clenching. ~~Ooh
>Snively, the camel's back is broken from this last straw. When I get my
hands on you, dear dear nephew, you'll be the one who's broken! I'll
>crush your little skull, I'll rip your lungs out of your chest, I'll
castrate you, you little bastard!!~~

Around the king's feet, joyful bodies knelt and gazed up at the

>monarch happily.
"Come now," said the king, smiling. His eyes wandered over the
>landscape of Knothole. "Please, rise!" The citizens of Knothole
clambered to their feet.
>"For now, I am not king and I require no special attentions.
Rather it is you I should kneel before--you are brave, strong; the
>noblest group I have ever encountered." He smiled again. "And I am
proud to call myself a Freedom Fighter!"
>The crowd cheered. "
"Your Majesty, should we still call you king?" asked Rotor.
>"It is not necessary. You may call me Max, if you wish."<p>

Sliding on his belly, Snively crawled through the air duct
>tunnels that ran along the ceilings and through the walls of the main
egg-shaped building. He had been in here for hours, hiding out. The
>remote was in his pocket.
~~God, I have to pee.~~ Squirming on his belly like this put
>maddening pressure on his bladder, and it took effort not to wet his
pants. Besides that, he was still in pain from the electricity Naugus
>had fried his nerves with, and tremors shook his body occasionally.
He wiggled down the tunnel, and saw light streaming up from a
>grate. The grates were scattered around everywhere in the tunnels;
they let air travel out of the air ducts and into the building. He
>looked down through the grate, and saw a bedroom. Who's bedroom it was,
he couldn't tell. He saw only the corner of a bed. There was no noise
>from below.
"Should I go down?" he whispered. "Or not?" Naugus, and
>probably Robotnik as well, would seriously maim him after that little
trick with the remote early that morning. But his need to find a
>bathroom, and quickly, made his decision for him.
He grabbed the

grate with both hands. He pulled up. Nothing
>happened. He gave it a hard downward push, expecting it to
resist.
But it flew out, clattering onto the floor below, and the
force of his
>push made him fall through the hole.
"Ahh!" he yelped, dangling
half-in, half-out of the hole. He
>wiggled his legs inside the tunnel, trying to get his front half
back
into the duct.
>Then the door opened.<p>

Robotnik entered his room and immediately stopped. Hanging
>upside down from the opened grate in the air duct was his nephew.
Then
he ran over, reached up, and grabbed Snively by the arms,
pulling him
>out.
"There you are! I'm going to kill you!"
>Snively struggled, but Robotnik's hands were closed around
his
chest, holding him firmly.
>"Let go! I've got to piss!" said Snively. That was about the
only
thing on his mind at the moment, trying as he was to hold it in.

>"Then piss," growled Robotnik, drawing back a fist. He slammed
it
into Sniv's stomach, and then dropped him to the floor.
>There was a sense of vast relief, as the force of the blow
was
too much on Sniv's poor bladder, causing it to spill its
contents. Then
>shame as Snively realized he was soaking wet. And then finally,
fear,
as he looked up and saw his very angry uncle, fists
clenched, glaring
>down at him.
"You little bastard," said Robotnik. "What the hell
were you
>doing?! Trying to get me in trouble?!"
"No..." said Snively. Now
that he thought about it, he had no
>idea why he'd saved the Freedom Fighters.
Robotnik bellowed in
fury and lunged at his nephew. But
>Snively skittered out of the way, pushed open the door, and ran
off
down the hallway. Robotnik pursued him, but stopped, panting.

>"I'll -pant- get you some other time, Snively. Whew..."
Robotnik
wiped sweat off his brow and returned to his room.

Snively stopped by his room quickly. After changing his soaked

>clothes, he grabbed a few things and shoved them into a
bag.
"I've got to get out of here before Naugus finds me," he

>muttered, slinging the bag over his shoulder. He crept out into
the
hallway, casting hunted glances around. Two SWATbots spotted
him on
>the lower floors, but they were not programmed to pursue him. Not
yet,
anyway.
>Out in the streets, he felt a bit more vulnerable.
SpyEyes
whirled about everywhere, and they had the habit of
sneaking up behind
>someone and following them around. If one started to tag along
behind
him, then he was sure to be spotted on the surveillance
monitors.
>He avoided the floating cameras by staying in the shadows.
One
headed his way, and he panicked. But then he remembered the
remote in
>his pocket. He pulled it out, aimed it at the SpyEye, and pressed

the
button. The camera changed course.
>"Whew," he sighed.<p>

"Ah reckon, that Naugus is up to no good. But Ah shore hate

>guardin' these posts, 'specially late at night. Oh well, ole
Rotor'll
be here pretty soon."

>Bunnie was staring out the tiny window in the guard post that
sat
on the eastern boundary of Robo...er Nagotropolis. The landscape

>outside was a few bushes, a stunted tree, and a quiet stream that
was a
little less than clean. Now that Naugus was there, they had
to be

>extra careful; keeping an eye on Nagotropolis at all
times...they
didn't know this wizard's style yet.

>Over the years, Robotnik had grown more or less predictable.
He
surprised them every once in a while. But even with Doomsday, they

>had known about it months before it was even completely built
(thanks
to Uncle Chuck). But this Naugus...he was different, and
his next move
>was a mystery.<p>

Bunnie sighed, and moved her eyes up to the stars, which were

>partially obscured by thin gray clouds. The moon was half-full,
and
dim eerie shadows were cast on the mostly bare ground outside.
The air

>here was tinged with pollutants, making Bunnie twitch her nose
and
sneeze occasionally.

>Outside, she noticed a shadow that moved. It wasn't the
shadows
of clouds over the moon, or shadows from the rustling leaves on

>the tree. No...this was something alive.
"Rotor?" she called. "Is
that ya out there?"

>There was no answer. But the shadow on the ground froze.
The
upper part looked back and forth.

>"Rotor, are ya playin' a trick on me?" She moved towards the
door
and pushed it open. Her robotic feet clinked softly against

>pebbles at her feet. She made her way through the sparse
bushes.
Then she saw the figure standing, tense, trying to hide
behind

>the tree. She ran towards it, knowing that it was not Rotor.
The
clouds blocked the moon, and the figure lost any definition.
But

>Bunnie was not frightened; her legs flashed as she raced after
the
fleeing creature.

>Panting, the creature tried to elude her by zigzagging
through
the bushes. But Bunnie was not slowed. She simply leapt
over the

>brush.
She reached a hand out, and clamped it down on the
figure's

>shoulder. Spinning off balance, they both went down. Fists lashed
out
at her, but Bunnie grabbed the wrists of the figure, and
yanked it to

>its feet.
"Uhhh...let go..." it whined. "Let me go!"

>The voice was unmistakable. Bunnie peered into her
captive's
face, seeing large frightened eyes in the dim light, and
a sharp

>pointed nose. "Snively?"
"Let go!" was his response.
>"Ah don't think so," she said, dragging him towards the guard post.
"Let go!" he repeated, trying to break free. But her hand

>tightened on his arm hard enough to make him cry out in pain, and he
ceased his struggle.
>The guard post was dark inside, so Bunnie turned on the small
oil lamp that sat on the table. Normally, she didn't want to risk

>having the light on so close to the city, but she wanted a better look
at her captive.
>"Sit down," she said, letting go of Snively, after closing the
door. He obeyed, plopping down in a rickety wooden chair. She crossed
>her arms over her chest, looking down at him. "So, what are ya doin'
here?" she demanded.
>He raised his eyebrows, and looked up at her silently.
"Well?"

>He rose up, still silent, and moved to the door. She watched
as he turned the knob.
>"Ahem."
The door swung open.
>"Um...Snively," she said. "Come back here."
He sighed loudly, and returned to the chair. Then he put his
>head in his hands and let out a peculiar half-sob. "Where would I go,
anyway?" he whispered.
>"Aw, whatsa matter?" she cooed.
He looked up at her. "Everything, Ms. Rabbot."
>"Like what?" Bunnie was staring at Snively's face as if
intrigued, and indeed, she was. She leaned her face further into his,
>so her pink nose nearly touched his pointed one.
"Ya know, Ah've never seen a human up close before," she stated
>suddenly.
"I've never seen a rabbit up close before," he replied.

>"That's rabbot," she said, a touch of bitterness in her voice.
"Thanks ta Robotnik, Ah'm stuck between robot an' animal."

>"That's too bad."
"So, what are ya doin' here?" she asked again.

>He leaned back in his chair, trying to distance himself from
her. She was making him nervous, staring at him with those
>thick-lashed green eyes. "Getting away from Naugus," he said. The
chair slid and he nearly fell backwards. But Bunnie grabbed him by the
>shoulders, pulling him back up. He winced under her grip, biting back
a whimper.
>"Are ya hurt?" she asked.
"When am I not hurt?" he muttered, then raised his voice. "Nah
>..Naugus just electrocuted me the other day, that's all."
"Ya poor thang."
>He sighed. "Yes, I ran to get away from Naugus, and now I'm
caught by you. I suppose you'll take me to the princess, I'll be
>charged guilty for my crimes, and before I know it, I'll be swinging
from the rope."
>"Ah don't know. We don't kill that often."
He narrowed his eyes, looking intently at her. "Really, Ms.
>Rabbot, you think a pitiful creature like myself with get any mercy?
After the crimes I've committed against you? I've betrayed your king,

>killed your kin, I've destroyed your families, I've tortured your
>children, and you know what? I liked doing it."
>"Ya didn't."
>"I did."
>She leaned her face in, close enough to kiss, and hissed.
>"Ya didn't like it, Snively. Ah can see it in yer eyes."
>He closed them. "They lie."
>"Eyes don't lie."
>"Mine do. They've had to." Then his eyes flew open, startled,
>as
>Bunnie suddenly grabbed his hands in her paws. Her roboticized hand
>was cold against his skin.
>"Look, Ah ain't pretendin' ta like ya or anythang. But Ah know
>ya ain't evil. Ya don't have it in ya."
>He pulled his hands away.
>"You don't know anything. But, shall
>I tell you my reason for coming out here?"
>"Yeah, of course."

>"I wanted to join the Freedom Fighters."
>Her mouth opened in a round 'o' of surprise. Then she snapped
>it shut. "Ya see, ya ain't evil."
>"My motives are hardly pure, Ms. Rabbot," he said, with a chuckle.
>~~What a wicked little snicker he has~~, she thought.
>"I thought it out. I join you. After you kick Naugus and
>Robotnik out of there, I'll resume my position as leader, and crush
>you
>once and for all." He said this with his eyes locked directly on her
>face, and she felt suddenly uneasy by the coldness in those blue
>depths.
>But she laughed. "So, we let ya help us, an' after we beat
>Naugus an' them, then we lock ya up. Simple as that." She
>giggled
>again. "Not wise ta reveal yer plans, little one."
>"By then, you will have forgotten this conversation, Ms.
>Rabbot," he said, staring off into the distance.
>~~He looks stoned~~, she thought, and that thought set off
>more
>giggles.
>"Yes, yes, go ahead and laugh," he growled, momentarily
>losing
>his I'm-high look.

"Bunnie!"
>The rabbit's ears perked up. She ran to the open door of
>the
>guard post.
>"Rotor!" She smiled cheerfully at the walrus as he made his
>way
>through the bushes.
>"Hey Bunnie! Brought you some tea." Rotor indicated the
>two
>thermoses he was carrying. "Got me some coffee."
>"Why thank ya, sugah."
>"No problem." He strode into the guard post, and set the
>thermoses on the table. "Oh, hiya, Snively. Wasn't expecting
>you."
>Then his eyes widened, and he turned to Bunnie. "Um...what's
>he doing
>here?"
>"He wants ta join us," said Bunnie.
>"What?" Rotor stared at the human, who stared balefully
>back.
>Although he was much bigger than Snively, Rotor still took a
>step back,
>made uneasy by the malicious gaze.
>"Him?" whispered Rotor into Bunnie's ear. "Last time I checked,
>he was an enemy."
>"Yeah, but seems he hates Naugus more than us," she
>whispered back.
>"I don't trust him."
>"It ain't up ta us, sugah. It's up ta Sally an' the king...er...
>Max--Ah ain't ever gonna get used ta that name!"
>"The king?"
>asked Snively, who had been eavesdropping. "He's in

>Knothole?"
>"Of course," said Bunnie. She saw a flicker of terror in the
>small human's eyes, but he looked away, trying to hide it. "Ah,
told
>ya, we ain't gonna kill ya. Unlike that uncle of yers, we do
believe in
>mercy, sugah. We forgive mistakes...we won't beat ya up fer
them."
>He looked indignant. "He never..."
>"Don't give me that. We all know that Robotnik beat the crap
out
>of ya."
>"No..."
>Rotor shook his head. "Are you sure about this, Bunnie?"

>"Dead shore. He's comin' with me."
>Rotor sighed, then finally
nodded. "But blindfolded, ok?"
>"All right."
>"I won't give away your precious village, walrus,"
said Snively.
>"I'm against Naugus." He looked at Bunnie for a moment. "And
Robotnik."
>She walked to the door. "Ya goin' be ok here, Rote?"

>"Oh yeah. Sure you can handle him by yourself?"
>"Yep."
>"Ok. Bye."
>"Bye."
>Bunnie beckoned towards Snively, and he stood up, walking over
to
her. Rotor handed her a bit of cloth, and she tied it around the
>human's eyes.
>"Jest in case," she said.

"Sally, come here," said Bunnie, waving from her hut. "And
>bring King Acorn."
>"That's Max," called the king gleefully, who
had been trailing
>behind Sally.
>"Whatever. Jest come in here."

Sally and Max entered. They saw Bunnie, brushing out her
>headfur while peering into her mirror. Curled up in her
chair,
>reading, was Snively.
>Max briskly strode over, and grabbed him by the collar. He
shook
him fiercely. "Traitor! What are you doing here?"
>Snively's eyes widened. Bunnie laid her hand on Max's
arm.
>"King...er...Max, Ah brought him here."
>Max released Snively. "Why? He is a traitor. And dangerous to
us."
>Snively straightened his shirt with an indignant sniff.

>"He wants ta join us," said Bunnie.
>Sally laughed. "I'm sure."

>"It's true," said Snively, but shut up as King Acorn jabbed his
nose.
>"Silence!" The king's brow wrinkled into angry folds. "You

>will be judged most severely, traitor." Max snatched Snively up
again,
>and slammed him against the wall. "You know the punishment
for
>treason?!" he bellowed.
>Bunnie reached out towards the king, but
Sally grabbed her arm.
>"Don't Bun. He's angry...but he'll calm down on his own."
>"Do
you?" yelled King Acorn.
>If Snively had an animal's ears, he would've flattened them
flat
against his skull; the loudness of King Acorn's voice both hurt

>and scared him. He whimpered pitifully, avoiding the king's
eyes.
>"Look at me," growled the king, gripping his chin and
staring
>into his face. "Do you know the punishment for treason?"
>"It's

death," whined Snively. "God, you're going to kill me..."
>His eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Go ahead, kill me. Right now."
"I should. But I am not the total ruler anymore. It is up to
>the court of Knothole to decide your punishment."
"I deserve death," whispered Robotnik's nephew.
>King Acorn gazed hard at him. "Do you wish for death?"
"I...I don't know." Tremors shook his body, and the tears
>spilled over his eyes, running down his face.
"Bah." King Acorn threw Snively down onto the bed. "I shall
>have the court assembled tomorrow. Bring him to the jail, Bunnie. You
should've done that before."
>"But he wasn't tryin' ta escape..."
"Doesn't matter. He's a clever one. As is Naugus. This could
>all be a very elaborate trick." Max turned and looked again at
Snively, who was wiping the tears from his cheeks. "Remember when you
>came into the Void the first time?"
"Of course," said Sally.

>"Well, Naugus imitated me. He shape-shifted. Who's to say that
that is not him?" He pointed at Snively.
>Bunnie nodded. "Of course, Yer...Max." She held her hand out
for Snively, who took it. She pulled him off the bed.

She locked the jail cell, then peered through the bars at
>Snively. "Sorry. Jest precautions, ya know."
"Yes. But I'm not Naugus." He laughed bitterly.
>"Ah believe ya." She raised an eyebrow. "Do ya really want ta die?"
He stared dully at the floor. "No. I don't why. My life is

>certainly not worth living."
"Life is precious."
>"Don't give me your 'inspiring quote of the day' bullshit.
Life sucks." He looked over at her, eyes narrowed.
>She sighed. "Ya jest haven't been livin' it right, honey. Ya
jest have taken some wrong turns, that's all. But ya can get on the

>right path, ya know."
"The shining path of righteousness, eh?" He rolled his eyes
>heavenward. "I just love fighting for peace and justice, don't I? I
mean, I'm a perfect angel here, no sins on this soul."
>She sighed again. "Ya obviously need some help. That sarcasm
don't cover up yer goodness, ya know. It shows in every part of ya. Ya
>can't hide it-ya are not evil, no matter what ya do, ya are not evil."
"Shut up." He closed his eyes wearily, leaning his head against
>the stone wall. "I'm tired."
Bunnie left the cell, after checking to make sure the door was
>locked. He was a hard-ass alright. He would admit openly that he was
evil, but he wouldn't admit that he had been beaten into it. Born
>evil, that was it. But never, ever, had he been forced into it.
~~Well, I know ya ain't evil. Ya might act evil, sound evil,

>but that's cause yer afraid to be good. Ya've forgotten how, but not
completely. Ah know it was ya who saved us from those 'bots. It had ta
>be. Well, Ah will work on ya, little one. Robotnik ain't around to
hurt ya. Ya don't have ta cover up yer true nature anymore. 'Cause yer

>true nature is good, and no one around here's gonna punish ya for
bein'
good an' kind. Don't ya worry.
>Ya'll realize how true my statement is. Life is precious.
An'
finally, ya'll get ta live it.~~

Um...yes. This is the end (Is it sappy or is that just me?).
>My story was kind of the 'pilot episode' for the third season.
So
anyone can make stories after this one. Naugus is in charge,
Robotnik's
>his lackey, the freedom fighters are going strong, complete with
their
king, and the Sniveler is going to be judged (and made a
Freedom
>Fighter) yes, surprise surprise!<p>

Anyway, send me comments, or I'll have Naugus send electricity

>through your phone, completely frying your modem!
BWWAAHHHAA...hack...
cough...wheeze....
>And here's the outline (for the third season)! This was told
to
Alessandro Sanasi by Ben Hurst (the writer for the third season),

>and no, it's not the exact words.<p>

The red eyes (the Doomsday episode) you saw were Naugus, the

>sorcerer trapped in the Void. At the moment the Doomsday machine
was
destroyed, Naugus was able to exploit the energies from the
destruction
>and the Deep Power Stones and pull Robotnik into the
Void.
Snively takes over Robotropolis during the first two
episodes,
>he battle the Freedom Fighters. Without Robotnik's cunning, however,
he
finds himself on the brink of losing everything. Meanwhile,
Naugus is
>having a delightful time 'torturing' (the shape-changing
stuff)
Robotnik while plotting his escape. He discovered the magic
which will
>enable him to leave the Void without turning to crystal. But
Robotnik
has found a means to communicate with Snively, telling
the little guy
>his location.<p>

(Now, this is where I started my story)

But then, as the Freedom Fighters are on the brink of taking
>over Robotropolis, Snively opens the Void, releasing Robotnik,
and
accidentally releasing Naugus and Sally's father. Now Naugus
is in
>charge. Robotnik is his lackey and Snively becomes a nobody.
Naugus
uses the King to bait a trap to catch Sally. Robotnik plots
to regain
>his power and Snively defects to the Freedom Fighters.<p>

Too bad the third season never happened. It sounds like it

>would've ruled. <p>

End
file.